The Club

By

Alexander Gordon Jahans

Gareth looked away nervously as the bouncer examined his ID Card. Wordlessly the bouncer ushered him through and Gareth sighed, breathing in the perfumed air of the heated lobby.

The Receptionist, sitting behind the counter, asked. “Is this your first time?”

Gareth nodded and swallowed, looking away hurriedly, his cheeks flushing red.

The Receptionist frowned. “Scary, isn’t it?”

Gareth glanced back at her to give a quick nod.

The Receptionist nodded to herself then checked the computer in front of her and said. “That’ll be £5 please and don’t worry. You don’t have to commit to anything.”

Gareth nodded, handed over a five pound note, took a ticket and entered the club.

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The club looked like a normal club when you entered it: loud music, floor sticky with alcohol and packed with drinking dancers but past the smokers were two hidden doors marked “Subs” and “Doms” respectively.

Gareth slipped through the subs door when nobody was looking and instantly relaxed. A young looking woman wearing a collar and a tardis dresssing gown greeted him appreciatively “Well well, a sharp dressed man. You’ll be popular.”

Gareth chuckled. “I’m new, this is my first time... And I just said the same thing twice. Sorry.”

The woman laughed. “Darling, its fine. I come here often and I’m actually a hundred, can you believe it? I get so much tail. Look the key is to just be yourself and remember that no matter how you feel about someone we’re all people and they will understand if you explain yourself. There’s nothing wrong with trying out a master or mistress for the night and never seeing them again”

“Thanks.” said Gareth. “Do you know where-?”

“The mingling happens? Yes, just follow the corridor and pick up a collar on your way out.”

“Ta.” said Gareth with a nod as he strode past.

The woman turned to watch him stride away and sighed deeply. “That arse”

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The collar was blue, plastic and itched Gareth like mad.

“Psychosomatic” said a blonde woman in a green collar.

“Eh?” said Gareth as he reached an index finger between the collar and his neck.

The blonde woman extended a hand. “I’m Samantha, I am 23 years old and that is ringing the dinner bell. You’re fresh meat and they know it.”

Gareth shook the hand. “I’m Gareth, I just got out of university and I swear to god these things are made of knitted cardigans.”

A brunette slightly taller than Gareth, appeared beside him and draped her leash over his shoulder. She whispered “The girl’s right you know. They implant the club collars with a logic incantation to make those who’ve never been sylphs itch.”

Gareth stared at Samantha.

Samantha laughed. “Natural born sylph, my family meditates to keep the urges at bay but now that I’ve finished my MA, I’m looking.”

The brunette coughed. “I say isn’t that guy an architect of chaos?”

Samantha turned and saw Brigade Leader Brittany signing autographs. Her eyes lit up with excitement and she beamed. “Looks like you’ve pulled, Gareth, see you later.”

Gareth stared after Samantha and sighed. “That smile”

The Brunette nodded. “She’s certainly a looker isn’t she? And a natural sylph to boot? Shame, we could have had her.”

“We?” said Gareth, noticing the brunette for the first time.

“My name’s Ruby but you may call me Mistress. I am 750 years old and I just graduated as a Logicio.”

Gareth stared at Ruby incredulously. “What?”

She gave him a whimsical smile. “Everywhere and anywhere. Every Civilisation there ever was, any person from history you’d like to meet and everything you’d like to do. Come with me.”

“Why?”

“Sorry?”

“Why me? I’m not special, I’m not important, I’m just me.”

Ruby nodded sagely at Gareth’s profoundness “You’re right of course. You’re not special. You’re not important. You’re just a man in an ill fitting suit trying to find someone who’ll take him as a pet. Well I’m not special either. I’m one of trillions upon trillions but sod the grand scheme of things. You’re cute and I can tell you’re hiding something so I want to help you.”

Gareth froze then swallowed. “You want to know about that?”

Ruby nodded.

“Then get us some gin”

Ruby nodded then left.

Samantha approached dragging a hulking lycra clad adonis with her. “This is Brigade Leader Brittany.”

Gareth craned his head to look him in the nose. “Hi, I’m- You’re- Samantha’s rather delightful isn’t she?”

The Brigade Leader smirked. “That she is. Though you’ve got potential yourself.”

Gareth swallowed. “Yes, I hope- Umm, I think- I’m in negotiations with a Logicio right now. She’s just getting drinks.”

The Brigade Leader laughed and patted Gareth on the shoulder “No worries, Lad, I’m an Architect of chaos, turning people is strictly against the rules.”

“Which is why little old me pulled a man with washboard abs” said Samantha with a smile.

The Brigade Leader smirked. “Kitten, with your beauty I’d pick you anyway if I could.”

Samantha squealed. “Gareth, I’m going to spend the next week being tamed. It’s so awesome.”

The Brigade Leader grinned, showing off his perfect white teeth.

Gareth cringed.

Ruby handed Gareth a Gin and Tonic before growling at the eight foot muscle bound hero. “If you hurt her, if you so much as stroke her without her explicit and enthusiastic permission I will make you beg for the mercy of death.”

Samantha stared at Ruby. “You don’t even know me.”

Ruby kept staring into the Brigade Leader’s eyes and didn’t look away when she said. “I’m a Logicio and you’re a natural sylph, I know your entire life story. Brittas, you act tough but you have rules holding you back, I have nothing so run away and look after her because if I have to extract her from your cold dead hands I will.”

The Brigade Leader blinked then nodded. “Aye, Mistress.”

“Good.” said Ruby with a sudden enigmatic smile. “Then have fun”

The Brigade Leader and Samantha walked away as Ruby led Gareth to a private booth. When they sat down she said “Tell me about it.”

Gareth shrugged. “I got bullied.”

Ruby nodded. “How far did it go?”

Gareth sighed. “No broken bones, though they tried. Things got so bad that in the end I ran away and changed my name everybody in that town knew my face. I was a complete laughing stock.”

Ruby stirred her martini. “So loser boy runs away and feels completely at home in a club designed to objectify, patronise and belittle him?”

Gareth snorted with laughter. “You’re right.” He brought his drink to his lips before taking a sip and setting it down again. “The issue is not the bullying. I can take anything anybody throws at me but if I let go, if I ever for one minute let myself off guard...”

Ruby looked up from her drink. “Yes?”

Gareth gave a half smile and said almost wistfully “Rage, lust, pain, destruction. All this subservience, nerdyness, quaking in my boots. It’s a sham, a lie, a pretence at harmlessness because if I let myself be who I really am, people won’t like it and I won’t be able to stop myself.”

“Show me.” said Ruby, downing the martini.

“How?”

“Let me worry about that.” said Ruby placing her fingers on his forehead. “Now, let go. Let yourself be subsumed by anger and pain. I will catch you, I won’t let you hurt anyone. Show me your burden.”

Gareth stared at Ruby then nodded and closed his eyes. A moment later the screaming started.

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12 foot tall and steaming from the strain against the thick metal chains, Gareth was a monster of hurt. He snarled and growled and pulled free from his chains. He smiled, showing off massive pointed teeth then threw himself against the door, forcing it open. He ran through the warehouse, tearing down barriers and freeing long forgotten nightmares.

A vision of Gareth in a white suit cried out in pain as blood stained his waist coat. A vision of Gareth in trackies and a tshirt pulled the bloody blade from out of his super ego’s back “I’m sorry, old chap, but we don’t need you anymore.”

The Ego and the Id stared at one another from across the corridor to Gareth’s body.

The Id roared. “You did this to me. You imprisoned me.”

The Ego grimaced. “I did what I had to do. I know what you think of me but we needed him. You would have got us killed or worse.”

The Id snarled. “You think you’re protecting yourself but you aren’t living, I am what lets you live. I am the blood that pumps through your veins, the heart that falls for the woman

with the nice smile, the penis that longs to penetrate her and the hands that will destroy all who oppose you. I am who you should be, not some snivelling little cockroach but a god, paragon of animals."

The beast lepat and ran.

The Ego quietly shat himself.

"Easy boy." said Ruby appearing before the Id.

The Id sniffed her.

"Try me." said Ruby.

The Id gave a great and terrifying leap and reality warped as the Id was transformed into a playful little kitten in Ruby's arms.

"You drugged me." said the resurrected super ego.

"No." said Ruby as she ticked the Id. "But I am a Logicio. I am trained to rewrite reality, changing your neural pathways is a piece of cake. He won't be bothering you anymore but I do want you to learn from him."

"Learn from him?" said the Superego, arching an eyebrow.

"Yes." said Ruby. "You are his conscience. You need to let him act on his desires. I'll stop him if things get out of hand."

"He wanted to hurt people."

Ruby shrugged. "I can use that, let him. You aren't his keeper any more, I am."

The Super ego nodded. "Maam"

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Gareth sat back, panting. "You-you're good"

"Come on." said Ruby getting up from her seat. "Lets get you laid then I'll tame you. It's more fun that way but lets not do it here, I know a planet where you're guaranteed a good time."